

Uncle Terry

By CHARLES CLARK MUNN

Copyright, 1905, by Lee & Shepard

SYNOPSIS

Chapters I and II—Uncle Terry is the keeper of the Cape Light on Southport island. He has an adopted daughter, Telly (Etelka), grown to womanhood, who was rescued when a babe from the wreck of the Norwegian ship Peterson. C. III—Albert and Alice Page are two orphans with a heritage of debt, living in the village of Sandgate. Albert is a college graduate, and through the influence of his chum, Frank Nason, gets a position in the law office of "Old Nick" Frye.

C. IV—Frye is a scoundrel and is the attorney for Frank's father, a wealthy Boston merchant. He wants Albert to keep up his intimacy with Frank, who has a yacht, plenty of money and nothing to do but amuse himself. C. V, in an evening's outing with Frank, Albert fritters away \$20. At the same time Alice is walking four miles a day to teach school and supporting herself and Aunt Susan. C. VI. At the same time Alice is walking four miles a day to teach school and supporting herself and Aunt Susan. C. VII and VIII. Albert tells Frank of his debts, Alice's struggles and his dislike of expensive follies. Frank confesses his disgust with an idle life and induces his father to make Albert his attorney in place of Frye. C. IX and X—Albert has \$2,500 a year to attend to Nason's affairs. He takes Frank to his village home for Christmas, with an inevitable result that his friend is smitten with Alice. C. XII—Frank is delighted with the country holiday of sleighrides and skating. Alice keeps him at a distance and tells her brother that his chum ought to work for a living. C. XIII and XIV—A notice appears in the papers calling for the heirs of Eric Peterson of Stockholm, whose son and his wife and child were wrecked on the Maine coast. Frye is the attorney. Uncle Terry goes to Boston and after telling his story in full gives Frye \$200 to recover the estate for Telly. C. XV and XVI—Frank takes a hint from Alice and studies law.

C. XVII—Alice resolves not to fall in love with the city chap according to the plot. C. XVIII—Alice avoids meetings with Frank alone. However, he scatters tips so freely among the villagers that gossip sets him down as a millionaire courting the pretty schoolma'am. C. XIX and XX—Frank's yacht, Gypsy, lands on Southport island. Albert gets lost and the yacht sails without him. He falls in with Uncle Terry, meets Telly, of course, and learns the story of the inheritance. C. XXI—Albert returns to the yacht, confessing that he has fallen in love with a beach girl. C. XXII—He goes back to the Cape and sketches Telly in the pose he first saw her. C. XXIV—Frye gets all the profits in Telly's case and calls for more money. Albert takes the matter in hand, meanwhile losing his heart hopelessly to Telly. C. XXV to XXVIII—Frank abandons the yacht party to join his mother and sisters in the mountains. Frye loses money in speculation and demands \$300 from Uncle Terry. Frank brings his sister Blanche to Sandgate, and she at once becomes a warm admirer of Alice. In spite of the girl's coyness Frank half gains the battle. C. 29 to 34—Frank proceeds to win his aristocratic mother over. Frye loses all and takes his own life. Uncle Terry and Albert discover the tragedy at Pro's. Telly's fortune intact—Albert secures Telly's inheritance, but she thinks it should go to Uncle Terry. C. XXXV and XXXVI—With Uncle Terry's permission to win Telly, Albert makes progress in a sentimental way. C. XXXVII and XXXVIII.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE mountains around Sandgate were aflame with the scarlet and gold of autumn before life seemed quite a usual to Alice Page. The summer idyl had passed, and though it left a scar on her heart she had resolutely determined to put the sweet illusion out of her mind. "I was very foolish to let him see that I cared," she thought. "For it can never be, and by and by he will forget me, or if he does think of me it will be to recall me as one of his summer-girls who had a fit of silliness."

Her heart ached at times, and in spite of all resolution her fingers would once in awhile stray to the chords of "Ben Bolt." She answered his letters in a cool, matter of fact way. Occasionally, when he referred to his heart hunger and how hard he was studying in hopes that she might think better of him, she wished that he had no purse proud and haughty mother to stand between him and a poor girl, and her next letter would be more chit than ever. What perhaps was a bitter sweet thought was the fact that the colder she answered him the warmer his next letter would be. He happened to mention once that his mother had spoken of a certain young lady, who belonged to the cream of Boston society, as an eligible match and advised him to show her a little attention. It did not help his cause.

How grateful she was all through those melancholy autumn days that she had a large school to absorb her thoughts. She was having a long and hard fight with her own feelings, and imagined she had conquered them when Thanksgiving time drew near and her brother announced he would run up and spend the day with her. She almost cried for joy at the news, for proud spirited Alice Page was feeling very heart hungry when the letter came. Albert was just a little surprised at her vehement welcome.

"Oh, I have been so lonesome, Bertie," she said when they were alone, "and the evenings drag by so slowly! Then you do not write me as often or such nice letters as formerly, and Aunt Susan never seems to notice that I am blue. If it were not for my school I should be crazy, I think."

"I am very busy these days, sis," Albert replied, "and my mind is all taken up with work. Mr. Nason's business is increasing, and I have many clients besides him." Then he added, "How did you like Blanche Nason?" "Oh, she was very nice," replied Alice coolly, "and if she were a poor girl and lived here I could easily learn to love her. As it is, it is useless for me to think of her as a friend. It was good of her to pay me a visit, though, and I enjoyed every minute of it."

"And what about Frank? Did he not say a lot of sweet things to you?" Alice colored.

"Oh, he is nice enough," she answered, "and tried to make me believe he had fallen in love with me, but it won't do any good. I am sure his managing mamma will marry him to some thin girl with a fat purse."

"So that is the way the wind blows, my sweet sister, is it? And yet my possible future law partner has been humming 'Ben Bolt' nearly every day for the past two months! You must have loved him very sweetly when he was here."

"Please do not say any more about him, Bert," she answered with a little pain in her voice. "He is all right, but I am too poor and too proud to satisfy his mother, so that is all there is to it." Then she added in self protection, "Tell me about the island girl I heard you fell in love with on the yachting trip and for whom you deserted the crowd." Albert looked confused. "It is true, Bertie," she said quickly. "I can see it in your face. That explains your short letters. I shall feel more desolate now than ever."

"Alice, my sweet little sister," he replied, resolutely drawing his chair near and taking her hand, "it is true, and I intended to tell you all about it, only I hated to do it at first and so put it off. She is more than pretty, she is beautiful, and the most unaffected and tender hearted girl I ever met. But you need not worry. She is so devoted to the two old people who have brought her up as their own that she will not leave them for me as long as they live."

Then he frankly told Alice the entire story of his wail of the sea and how she had refused to yield to his pleading.

"And now, sweet sister," he said at last, "I have a plan to unfold, and I want you to consider it well. I am now earning enough to maintain a home, and I am tired of boarding house life. It is not likely I shall marry the girl I love for many years to come, and there is no need for us to be separated in this way. I think it is best that we close the house or rent it for the present, and you and Aunt Susan come to Boston. I can hire a pretty flat, and we can take down some of the furniture as we need and store the rest. What do you think of the plan?"

"Oh, I shall be so glad of the change, Bertie! It is so desolate here, and I dread the long winter. But what can I do in Boston? I cannot be idle."

"Will not housekeeping for me be occupation enough?" he answered, smiling, "or you might give music lessons and study shorthand. I need a typewriter even now."

"But what will Aunt Susan think of the change? And it will be such a change for her!"

"She will get used to it," he answered. Then, as Alice began to realize what it meant to bid goodby to the scenes of her childhood, the old home, the great trees in front, the broad meadows, the brook that rippled through them, the little church where every one greeted her with a smile, and the grand old hills that surrounded Sandgate's peaceful valley, her heart began to sink. Then she thought of the pleasant woods where she had so often gone nutting in autumn, the old mill pond where every summer since babyhood she had gathered lilies, and even those barefooted school children of hers.

"I shall dislike to go, after all," she said at last, "but perhaps it is best. I shall be homesick for a spell, but then I shall have you." Then she rose and like a big baby crept into her brother's lap, and, tucking her sunny head under his chin, whispered: "Oh, if you were never going to be married, Bertie, I would leave it all and try to be contented. I could come up here every summer, could I not?" Then she added disconsolately: "But you will get married soon. Your beautiful island girl will not keep you waiting so long."

"No sweetheart and no wife shall ever lessen my love for you, Alice, who have been my playmate, my companion and my confidant all my life."

When they had discussed the proposed step in all its bearings for a half hour Albert said: "Come, now, sis, hear a little for me. I am hungry to hear you once more."

She complied willingly, and, as the plaintive voice of Alice Page thrilled the list from "Lily Dale" to "Sivane River" and back to "Bonny Eloise" and "Patter of the Rain," Albert lazily puffed his pipe and lived over his boyhood days.

When the concert was ended he exclaimed: "I will look around before Christmas and see what kind of a flat can be found, and then when your school closes you must come down and visit me and see how you like Boston."

"Oh, that will be just delightful, only you must promise not to tell the Nasons that I am coming."

"But if they find it out Blanche and Frank would feel bitterly hurt," he replied. "Remember, they did you the honor of coming up here to visit you, and Blanche has said to me several times that she hoped you would visit her this winter."

"I should love to," replied Alice, hesitating, "but—well, I will tell you what we can do—we will wait until the day before I am to return, and then we can

call there one evening. They need not know how long I have been in Boston."

When morning and departure came Albert said: "I will do as you wish, sweet sister, and unless some of the Nasons should meet us at a theater I imagine it will work all right, only it is a little rough on Frank."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE proposed change did not seem to disturb Aunt Susan much, although Alice noticed that she was more quiet than ever and avoided that subject.

"I'm ready an' willin' to go if you think best," she said, "an' I'll do my best as long as I can. I hain't got long to stay, an' if I see you two happy I'm content."

Two weeks before Christmas came a cordial letter from Blanche reminding Alice of her promise to visit her during the holidays and insisting that she do so now. With it was inclosed an equally cordial but brief note of invitation from Mrs. Nason. Alice replied to both in due form and with profuse thanks, also stating that she had promised her brother she would visit him during her vacation, and hoped to have one or two evenings with them at that time.

Alice inclosed both notes to her brother and told him he had best inform the Nasons of her intended visit in a matter of fact way. "But," she added, "do not let on that you know they have invited me to visit them. We will do just as we talked—go there and spend one or two evenings, or perhaps I may meet them at a theater, which would be much better."

By return mail came his assurance of obedience and a sizable check. "Use it all, my dear sis," he wrote, "and for your own needs, too. I do not want you to feel ashamed of your gowns when you come to Boston."

"Bless his dear heart," said Alice when she read the letter, "what a prize that island girl will get in him!" When Christmas came and she kissed Aunt Susan goodby, she was near giving up the trip altogether. It may have been the sad face of her aunt that brought the irresolution, or a feeling that meeting Frank would reawaken the little heartache she had for five months been trying to conquer. When she reached Boston she was met by her brother.

"I have not told Frank," Albert exclaimed, "and shall not let them know you are here until we call. I want you to myself for a few days, because after Frank knows you are here I am sure to be one too many most of the time."

"Not on his account, you'll not be," replied Alice with a snap.

What a gallant escort that brother was, and what a change from the dull monotony of her home life those days were to Alice.

They visited art galleries mornings, and devoted the afternoons and evenings to theaters; then usually a tete-a-tete supper at a cozy place where the best was to be had, and a little chat in his or her room before retiring. It was during one of these brief visits that she noticed some of the pictures that hung in his room.

"Who painted that shipwreck scene?" she asked, looking at one. "It is a gem, and those poor sailors clinging to the ice covered rigging are enough to make one shiver. And those awful waves, too, are simply terrifying. And what a pretty scene is this wild tangle of rocks with a girl leaning on one and looking out on the ocean where the sun is setting or rising." She continued as she viewed the next one. Then as she examined it a little closer she added, "Who is E. T.?" Albert made no answer, and she passed to a third one showing a little rippled cove with the ocean beyond and a girl seated in the shade of a small spruce tree.

"Why, this is by E. T. too," she exclaimed. And turning to her brother she repeated, "Who is E. T.?"

"Well," he answered, "I will take you down to the island some time and introduce you to her. She will be glad to meet my sister, you may be certain."

Then the brief history of this girl, as her brother had told it, came to her. "So that was the wreck she floated ashore from, was it, Bert? And can she paint like that? Why, I am astonished! And who is the girl leaning on the rock? What an exquisitely molded figure and what a pretty pose! Who is she?"

"That is your possible sister-in-law," answered Albert, with a touch of pride, "and the pictures were done by her from sketches I first made myself. They are true to life so far as all details go, only I failed to catch her expressive face in the one that shows a front view of her."

"So that was the way you wooed your island goddess, was it?" observed Alice, with a roguish look. "Made her pose for a sketch while you said sweet things to her. Have you a picture of her?"

"No, I am sorry to say I have not. Remember, she has been hidden on an island all her life, and I doubt if she ever had a picture taken."

"And when will you take me to see her? I am so anxious to meet this fairy of the shore who has stolen my brother's heart. Can't we go down there before I return home?"

"We can," he added, "but I think we'd better wait until spring."

The next day he informed her he had secured a box at a theater for that evening and had invited the Nasons to join them. "I thought it would relieve your mind a little, Alice," he added, "to meet your boy on neutral ground."

Mrs. Nason was a long way from being the haughty specter Alice had conjured up. That a country schoolma'am was proud enough to discourage her son's attentions because of the difference in their

curiosity. "I should like to meet Miss Page," she said to Blanche when the latter had asked if she might invite her to visit them. "A girl that shows the spirit she does is certainly worth cultivating."

When Alice's cool but polite note reached Mrs. Nason she was piqued to even a greater degree of curiosity, and when Albert's courteous letter inviting "Mrs. Nason and family to share a box at the theater for the purpose of meeting my sister" was received she returned a cordial acceptance by bearer.

To Alice the proposed meeting was a source of dread, and when the carriage called for Albert and herself she was in an excited state of mind. They had barely taken their seats in the box when the usher knocked, and Blanche, followed by the rest of the family, entered. That young lady greeted Alice with an effusive kiss, and the next in-



Mrs. Nason began chatting with Alice.

stant she found herself shaking hands with a rotund and gray haired lady of dignified bearing, but of kind and courteous manner. An introduction to Edith followed, and then Frank acknowledged her polite "How do you do, Mr. Nason?" with his very best bow.

Mrs. Nason began chatting with Alice in the pleasantest way and with seemingly cordial interest in all she said, while Blanche kept quiet and Edith devoted herself to Albert. It was after the second curtain when Mrs. Nason said: "I must insist that you divide your visit with us, Miss Page, and allow us to return a little of your hospitality. Of course I understand that your brother comes first, and rightly, too, but we must claim a part of your time."

"I had promised myself one or two evenings at your home," Alice answered quietly, "but I do not feel that I ought to desert Bertie more than that."

Then, for the first time, Blanche put in her little word: "Now, do not offer your brother as an excuse. I have been anticipating your promised visit for a long time, and no brother is going to rob me of it. I shall come around tomorrow forenoon, and if you are not ready to go back with me, bag and baggage, I will just take your baggage, and then you will have to come."

"I do not see why you cannot see your brother and visit with him just as well at our house," put in Mrs. Nason. "He is always welcome here."

Alice turned to her brother, remarking, "It is nice of you to insist, and I am more than grateful, but it must be as he says." Then she added prettily, "He is my papa and mamma now, and the cook and captain bold and mate of the Nancy brig as well."

"I will stir up a mutiny on the Nancy brig if he does not consent," laughed Blanche; "so there is an end to that, and you must be ready at 10 tomorrow."

(To be Continued.)

Cuban Market Letter.

Habana, Cuba, Sept. 26, 1905.

Thirty days ago, at the date of our last review, the Cuban sugar markets were quiet and steady; 96 deg. Centrifugals were quoted at 5 reales, buyers were rather indifferent, but there was no pressure to sell on the part of holders.

Stocks in the six ports amounted to about 226,000 tons, of which probably 50,000 tons had been sold, while the greater part of the remainder was held by planters who had been carrying their sugars for several months. These sugars would leave a heavy loss if sold at 5 reales, and holders were looking for a demand to start up which would enable them to liquidate their holdings without such heavy loss. These conditions brought about a very inactive market, and sales were few and far between.

Suddenly came the news of difficulties in the European Beet market, and of the disastrous termination of the enormous speculations of a man prominent in the Paris sugar trade. Heavy liquidation followed in Europe, and the world's markets all became seriously affected. Buyers naturally all kept out the market, waiting until the blow should have worked out its full effects.

Beet sugars declined from 9s 2 1/2d. to 8s. 5d., the latter price being below the cost of production. In our

Centrifugals has dropped steadily from 5 reales to 5 1/2 reales, the latter being nominal, and probably 4 1/2 reales is nearer the market.

Buyers continue indifferent, the more so as American refiners are said to be momentarily supplied and do not care to make any bids for the time being. The slightly improving quotations from London of the past few days have not influenced conditions here.

There is a desire apparent on the part of a number of planters to liquidate their holdings, but our stock of sugars is mostly in good hands and is not being pressed for sale at these low prices. Meantime the shipment of sugars already sold continues, and stocks in the six ports have been reduced in the past thirty days from 226,000 tons to about 160,000 tons.

Most of the sugars remaining have suffered a good deal in test from the heat and dampness, and it would be difficult to find anything testing over 95deg. while much of it tests a good deal less.

The three centrals which still remained at work a month ago have stopped grinding.

The rainfall has been very unevenly distributed this year, and the views of planters situated only some miles apart regarding the outturn of their crops differ greatly, some stating that their fields are in good condition, while some individuals go so far as to say that the want of rain will cause a deficit of 40 or 50 per cent. in the yield of their fields in the coming crop. The weather in October and November will have a good deal of influence on the cane, and it is too early yet to make an estimate of next crop possible.

The elections held in the Islands on the 23d instant foreshadow a sweeping victory for Mr. Estrada Palma and the Conservative party in the general elections to be held next December.

Uncomplimentary to Norah.

Norah—Plaze ma'am will ye be after tellin me whin I'm to know when the pudding is baked?

Mrs. Wilson—Stick a knife into the middle of it and if the knife comes out clean, the pudding is ready to send to the table.

Mr. Wilson—And, Norah, if the knife does come out clean shick all the rest of the knives in the house into the pudding—Womans Home Companion.

AUTOMOBILE FRIGHT

Why dont you talk as we ride Ferdinand!

I would but I cant think while my hair is standing on end.

Kodak Films

DEVELOPED AND PRINTED

I am prepared to do first class developing and printing of films. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

Call or send order to

MAUI HOTEL
GEO. HOWLEY,
Wailuku, Maui, H. T.

HALF-WAY HOUSE

McGregor Landing.

To open on Nov. 1st as a first class Way House.

Light Refreshments

Hot and Cold Lunches

Cool Airy Rooms

On completion of the Wharf busses will run to and from Wailuku, connecting with steamers both ways. Same rates as at present prevail. Busses leave Wailuku for Kinohi at 6 p. m.

Busses leave Wailuku for Mauna Loa when sighted.

A. do REGO & CO.
Proprietors.

J. A. HARRIS

GENERAL PAINTING

MANAWAHI ST. WAILUKU

House Sign and Carriage Painting

Done at Short Notice and

Satisfaction Guaranteed

G. AH SEE

Market St., Wailuku.

DRY GOODS FANCY G

MEN'S AND LADIES'

FURNISHINGS AND SHO

CHINESE AND JAPANESE ST

NEW GOODS

By Every Coast Steamer

GIVE ME A CALL

100% Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PERUVIA GOODN

Dealer in

Algaroba

Cord

Woo

Cut to any length desired Pro

Delivery.

BISMARK STABLES CO

WAILUKU, MAUI

LIVERY, BOARD

AND SALES STABLES

The BISMARK STABLE

proposes to run the LEADING LIVI

STABLE BUSINESS ON MAUI

DRUMMERS' LIGHT WAGONS

Excursion Rates to Iao and H

akala with competent guides

and drivers

NEW RIGS--NEW TEAMS

NEW MANAGEMENT

IAO STABLES

13 L. 308

HACKS, BUGGIES, SADDLE HORSE

AT ALL HOURS

Competent and careful drivers.

First-Class Turnouts Constantly

on Hand. Special attention to

Tourist Parties. Skillful Guides

to Iao and Haleakala.

Headquarters for Commercial Men

CONVENIENCES MEET ALL STEAMERS

AND TRAINS

Wailuku—Lahaina Stage.

Leaves Wailuku daily at 1:30 p. m.

" Lahaina " at 8:30 a. m.

ANTONE do REGO, - Mgr.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS

DESIGNS & C.

Copyrights & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may

quickly ascertain our opinion. Free of charge. An

invention is probably patentable. Communications

strictly confidential. HARRIS on Patents

sent free. Oldest law firm for securing patents.

Patents taken through MUNN & Co. receive

special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest cir

culation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a

year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdeale

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

PAIA

Blacksmith

SHOP

PAIA MAUI, H. T.

FIRST CLASS